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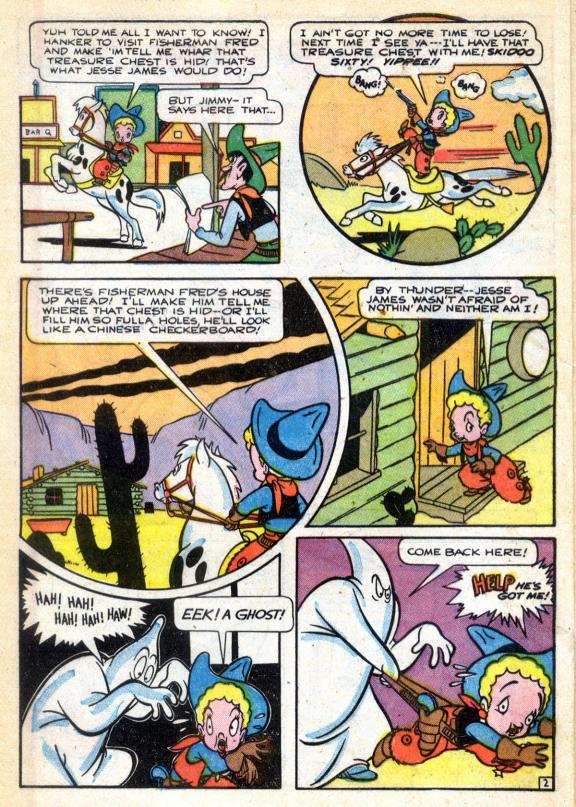


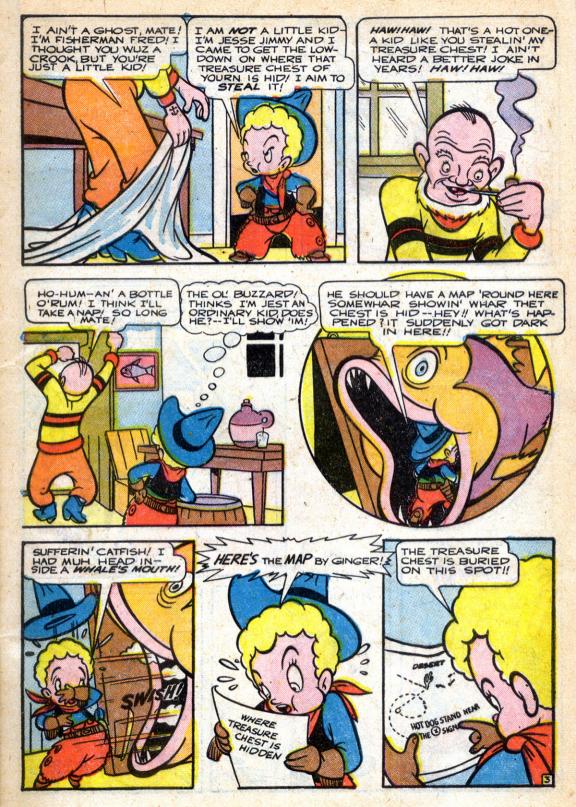
YA MEAN THET THAR OLD MAN WHO USED TO BE A FISHER-MAN--AND LIVES A LITTLE WAYS OUTA TOWN!

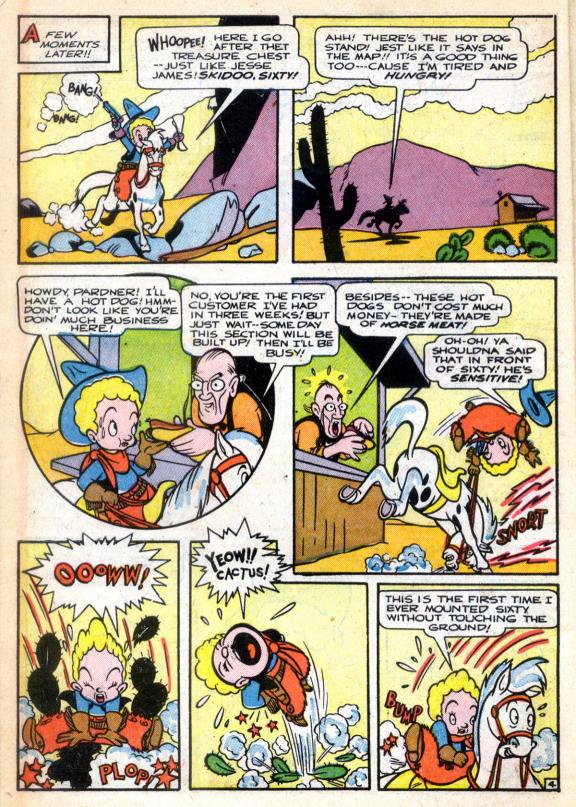


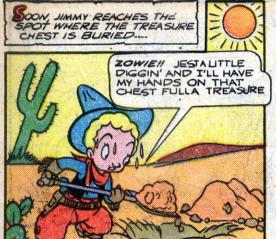
YUP-THET THARS
THE HOMBRE!
SAYS HERE HE'S
GOT A TREASURE
CHEST HID AWAY
SOMEWHERE IN
THE DESERT!
IT ALSO SAYSHEY! WHAR YA GOIN?





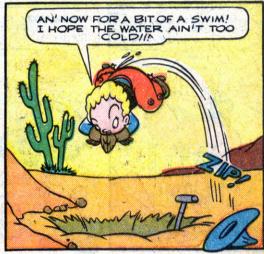
























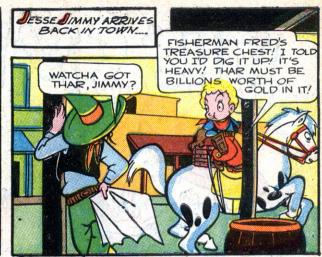


















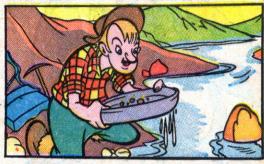


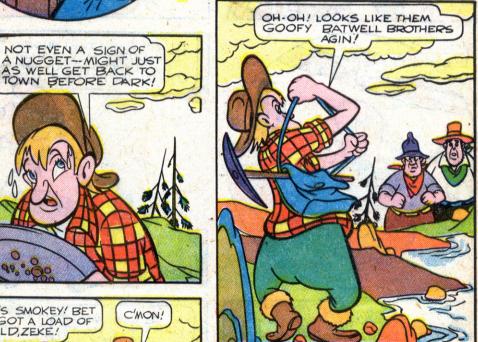




NOT EVEN A SIGN OF











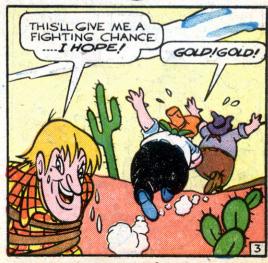




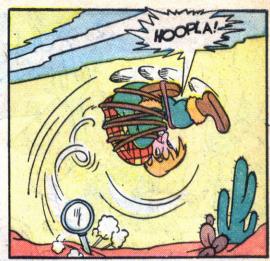


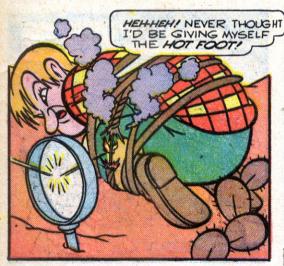


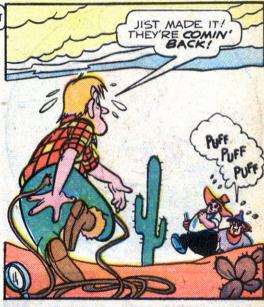




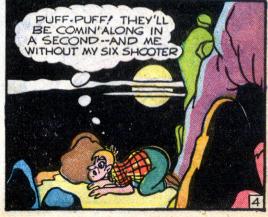


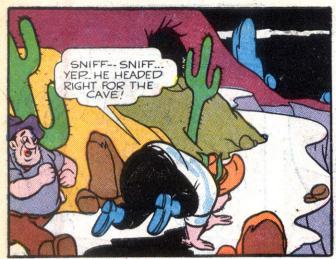














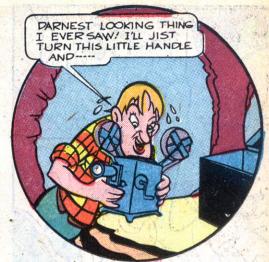








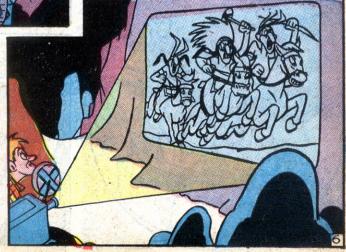














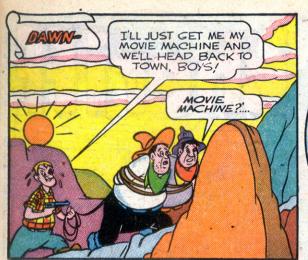








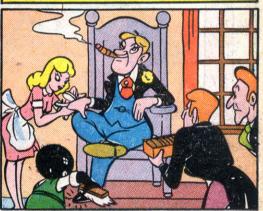


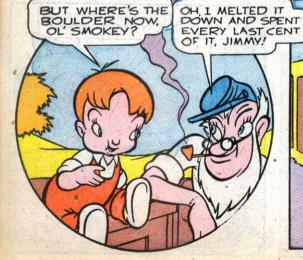




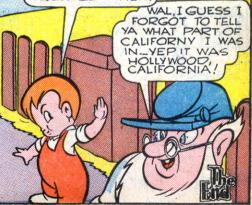


* VESSIR THE BATWELLS CARRIED THE GIANT NUGGET TO TOWN AND I BE-CAME THE TOAST OF THE WEST."





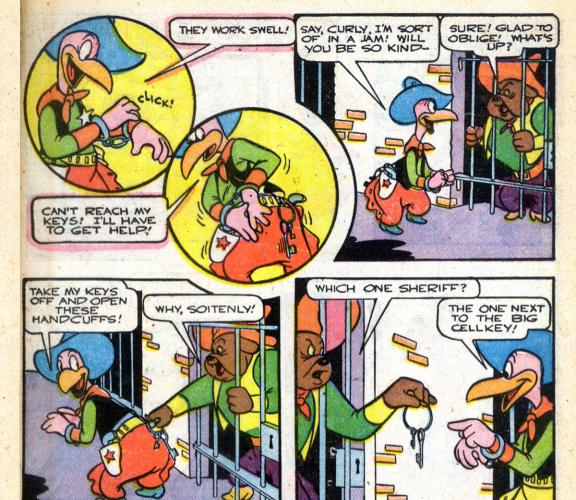
AND WHAT ABOUT
THAT MOVIE PROJECTOR?
THEY WEREN'T EVEN
(NVENTED THEN!







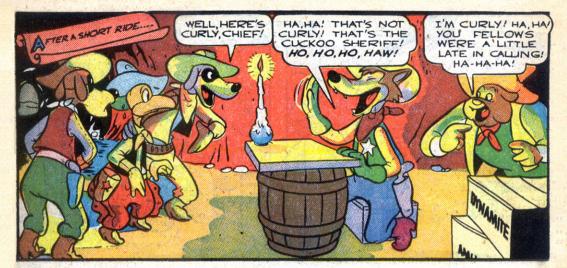










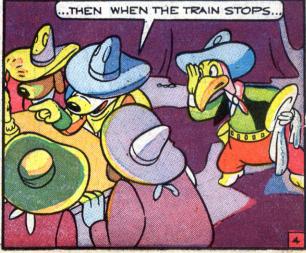










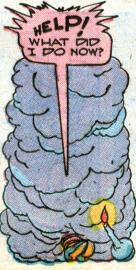


















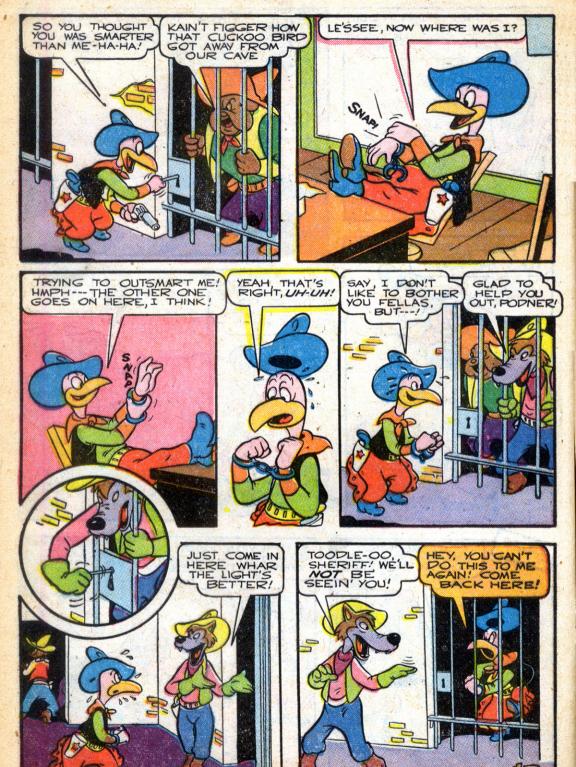




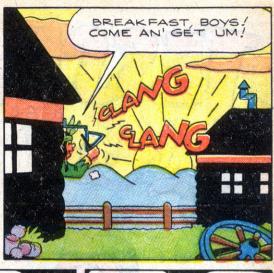


























GRANDMA sat on her rocking chair and rocked hard. The boards of the porch creaked and Jesse Jimmy sat listening to the creaks. He might as well-be as old as Grandma and sit in a rocker too. Nothing happened at the ranch—ever. Here he was, ready to pull any kind of a rustling job, ready to hold-up any rich rival ranch owner, ready to defend an oil well with his very life against marauding Indians; but not a chance. Only a creaking rocking chair, with an old woman, and the regular peaceful chores of another day on the ranch loomed ahead.

"Are you rich?" the question came from Jimmy.
"Have I a stitch?" Grandma was a little hard-of-hearing. "I feel fine, son. You're a good boy to be asking!" The rocking chair creaked on, maddeningly.

Jesse pulled out his almost-real gun and started to clean it for the twentieth time that morning. He looked up and over to the bunkhouse. He thought he heard a sound of scuffling and angry voices. The voices grew louder and Jimmy jumped up. Grandma kept rocking and beaming her one-toothed smile.

"Something's happening at the bunkhouse!" Jesse leaped to his feet and started to run. He had only gone a few steps when Ratchie, the new foreman, fell in a scramble at his feet. Three of the regular hands followed, perspiring and using bad words.

"Get up and start running, Ratchie. You run mighty fast until you're so tired yuh fall down. Git!" The tallest of the hands lifted the strong, cringing foreman by his neckerchief and threw him, like he was a sack of meal, in the direction of the main road. Ratchie crept on all fours to the gate, crept through and then got up and ran. He was soon out of sight.

Jesse was jumping up and down in excitement. He forgot he was ten years old, a man, and started to bite his nails.

"What happened? Th-th the foreman! You threw

him out! Won't you catch it from paw?"

"We jest caught him selling yer paw's calves and then sayin' they was stolen—that's all. Think we'll catch it from yer paw?

"Gol ding it! Why didn't you come tuh me? Ah'd a takin' care of the coyote! That's what ah'm here

fer!"

Jones, the tall red-haired one, laughed. "Next time, kid. We'll ast yer next time when we've got a real roughing up tuh do!" The three hands roared and went back to the bunkhouse. Jesse Jimmy's face got red and he ran back to Grandma. "Granmy! They didn't come for my help! Pawsaid they should while he was away! Should I fire the lot of them?"

Grandma cackled.

Jimmy clenched his fists and his face grew even redder. He'd show the whole pack of milk-fed, mousey, soft . . .! He set out down the road. He walked just a short way, when his pa came riding up on his big red horse. Sure, he had a horse! Leaves his only son to take care of the ranch while he was away, but doesn't leave him a horse! How could a real man get anything done when they treated him like a ding-dong schoolboy? "Hello, paw. We had to toss out yer foreman. He was a thief!"

Pa reined in his horse, which was prancing impatiently. "WHAT?" he roared. "Get up here!" With a swoop, he lifted Jesse Jimmy to the saddle and rode toward the ranch. His jaw looked like a block of granite and little sparks raced in his eyes. Jesse knew this was no time to speak, so he kept quiet. Soon they were through the gate, and to Jesse's surprise they didn't head for the bunkhouse. They rode right to the porch where Grandma sat.

Pa was so excited, he jumped off his horse and left Jesse Jimmy sitting there. Sitting in the saddle of Roan, the best horse on the countryside! Jesse

tried to look casual.

"Well, Maw," pa roared. "I hope yer satisfied! You insisted on keeping all your money lying around the ranch, and now I suppose it's all gone! Where did you have it? No banks fer you! Oh, no! WHERE DID YOU HAVE IT?" The last was blasted out so loud that Roan rose on his two hind legs, the front ones pawing the air. Jesse slid rearward and to the ground. He stared open-mouthed at Pa. He'd never seen him so angry.

Asking Grandma where she hid her money was an old story. Pa asked her once a day, at least. Sometime he joked about it and other times he was real serious. Now, he must think Ratchie, the foreman, had stolen it.

"Don't get excited, my little son. And don't go

yellin' my ears off!"

Pa's face was plumb on top of Grandma's. "You're always telling me to speak up, Maw! he hollered. "And that's what I'm doing! Where did you, hide yer money?"

"Hee hee-think you run the ranch! Hee hee-" she laughed her broken laugh. "Ratchie knows.

Ratchie knows."

Pa was very quiet now. "What do you mean, Ratchie knows?"

"I knowed I couldn't remember no more where I hid it. I told Ratchie this mornin'. I couldn't go on membering. I'm too old." She began to whimper. Too old to remember any more. Couldn't keep it in my haid." The whimpering stopped and she smiled at pa. Pa was much calmer now. He turned to Jesse Jimmy. Jimmy got up. "They threw Ratchie out early today. Mebbe he didn't have a chance to get the money. Can't she remember where she put it, Paw?"

"No. We'll have to find that black-hearted bull foreman!" He mounted Roan and rode off at a fast

gallop.

Pa had said "we." At least he knew he could count on his son. He would find the ex-foreman, drag him back to the ranch and yank the information out of him, This was a job for a real desperado. Ratchie was a dangerous man. Like the pictures on the post-office wall, that said: "WANTED! 500 DOLLARS REWARD." But he, Jesse Jimmy, would get him ...!

PINGGGG!!! A pebble whizzed by Jesse's nose and fell to the ground. Psssst! Jesse turned around. There was where it came from! A large hat hid behind the bunkhouse. Jesse Jimmy fingered his almost-real gun and walked over. There crouched Ratchie. The exforeman grabbed Jesse's arm and drew him crouching next to him. "Listen, kid—they're all out lookin' fer me. That's why I come back here to pick up the money. I gotta get out of this place and you're going to help me. Don't try no twistin' out of it—or it'll be the end of yer gran'ma's rockin'!" With the last words he leveled his gun in the direction of the now

Jesse Jimmy nodded as though to say he understood. He tiptoed around the bunkhouse. He was disgusted to realize his knees were shaking. Didn't matter—no one else knew. He motioned to Ratchie to follow. Ratchie did so, keeping his gun pointed at Grandma.

Jesse Jimmy's knees were shaking now so that he could barely walk. But his mind raced ahead. "I've got to keep Ratchie here until Paw gits home. If he suspects .somethin', he'll shoot Grandma. I don't want anyone to hurt Grandma." Jesse Jimmy thought hard.

Tiptoeing, with Ratchie following, he reached the old well. THE WELL! The well was covered with old boards and you couldn't tell it was a well. Ratchie was too new on the ranch to know where the old well stood.

Jesse ran lightly across the pile of wood. He always did that. He was light enough. He called to Ratchie to hurry. Ratchie followed quickly and was just reaching the well when "JIMMMMMYYYY!!!" Pa's voice rang out. Pa was riding toward Ratchie and him. Ratchie turned the gun on Pa. Jimmy whispered intensely: "FOLLOW ME! I'LL GET YOU OUT!" Ratchie sped onto the flimsy boards. CRRRRAAACK! He was gone so fast even Pa, who pulled up on Roan, sat open-mouthed. Jesse Jimmy started to cry. He was so relieved. But CRYING! After such a big job!

Pa laughed long and loud. Then he picked up Jesse Jimmy and sat him on Roan. "So you have him in the well! My kid is the smartest in the county. IN THE WELL!" Pa laughed and laughed. "Tomorrow, you get a pony. You've earned it. Tarnation,

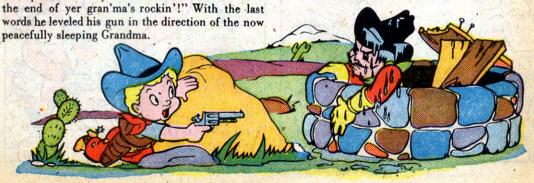
this is the best story yet!"

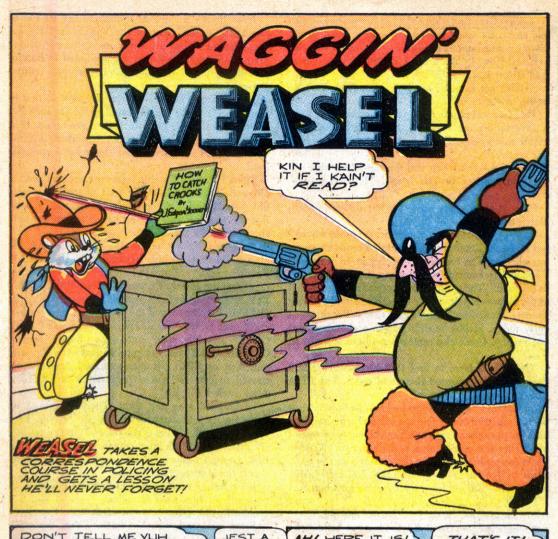
Jesse Jimmy tried to stop crying and couldn't. "I couldn't let him hurt Grandma—even if she is a stubborn, old, cussed, woman-folk."

From the well came a voice. "Yer consarned money was in Grandma's shoe. I got it. Get me out

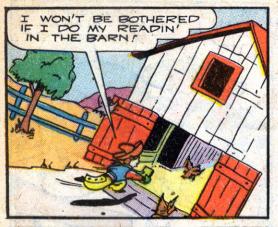
of this hole. Blast all yer hides!"

Jesse Jimmy laughed. He'd caught a thief and tomorrow he'd get a pony! What a day! What a life! He swaggered off polishing his almost-real gun.











"AN OLD TRICK, NO LONGER USED, WAS TO FAKE ILLNESS, AND WHEN THE UNSUSPECTING GUARD ENTERED, THE CRIMINAL WOULD OVERPOWER HIM AND GET AWAY."

NO LONGER IN USE, EH?!! DAT'S JEST WHAT I'LL USE!!

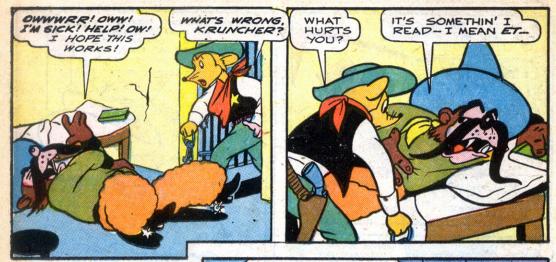




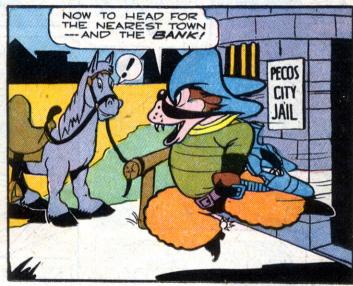
THE TWO VOLUMES OF DAT COURSE TO BEAT DA LAW AT EVERY TURN!



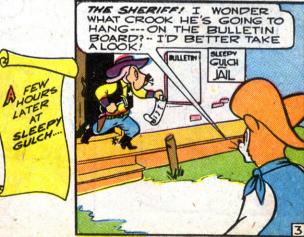


















THE ONLY WAY- YOU GOTTA REASONABLE LET ME USE MY PLAN SO YOU SAY WE CAN CATCH THIS CROOK! THAT THIS BOOK IS THE OFFISHIAL GEE-MAN'S MAN-ULE!! IS HEADED THIS WAY?



THE BOOK SAYS HE'S
SHORE TO HEAD FOR THE
NEAREST BANK TO
PECOS CITY!

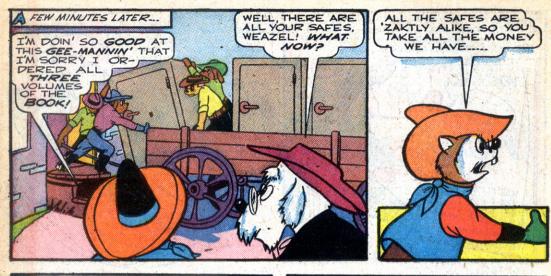


THEN THERE ISN'T A
MOMENT TO LOSE -OPERATOR -- GET
ME THE GUICH
SAFE COMPANY,
QUICK!

GOOD! MAKE 'EM SEND AT LEAST FIFTY SAFES:-ALL ALIKE!! WOW! I

ONLY READ TWO
VOLUMES AM I ORERATE LIKE A REAL
GEE-MAN!



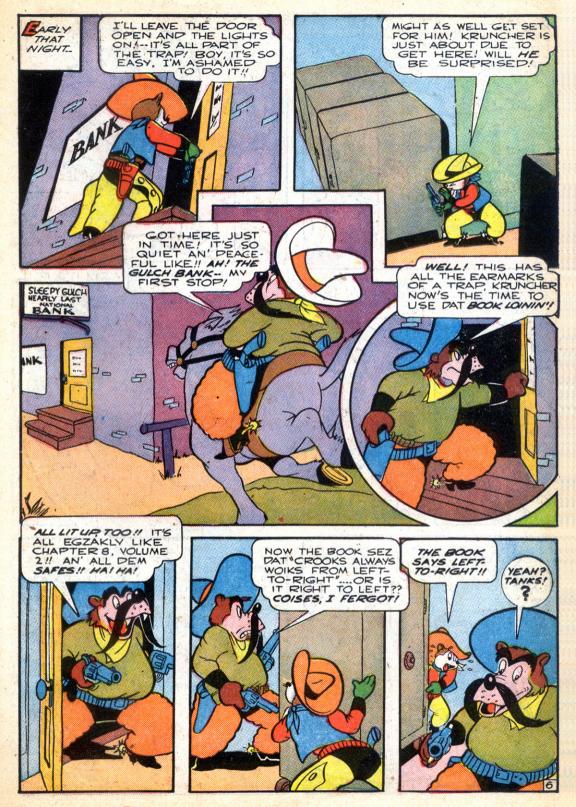




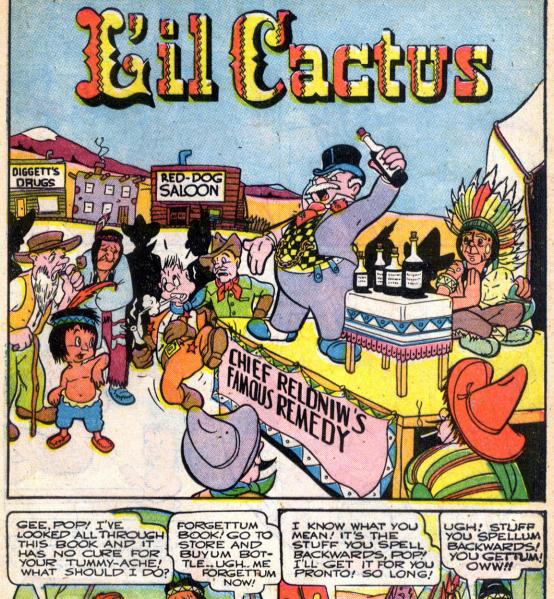












































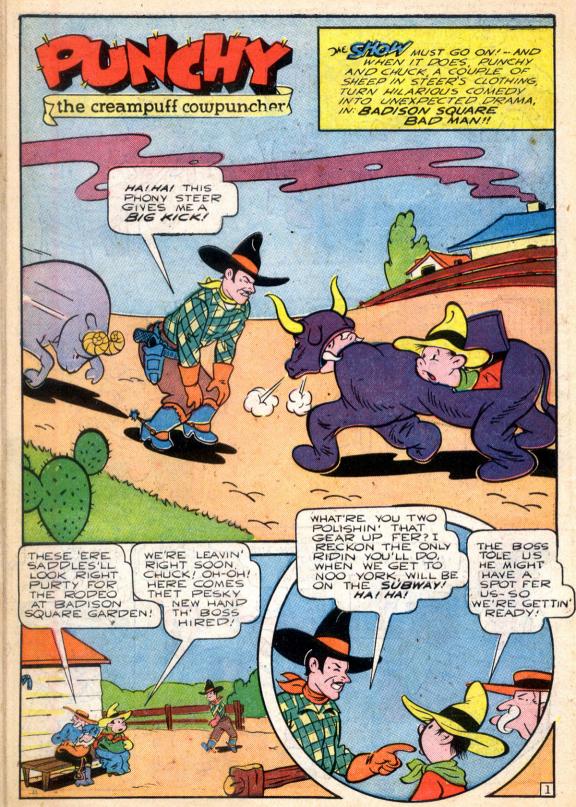


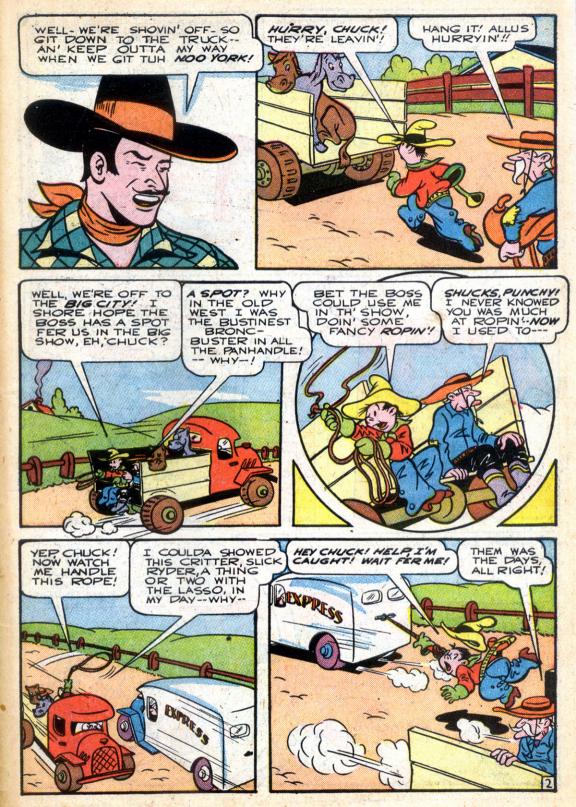


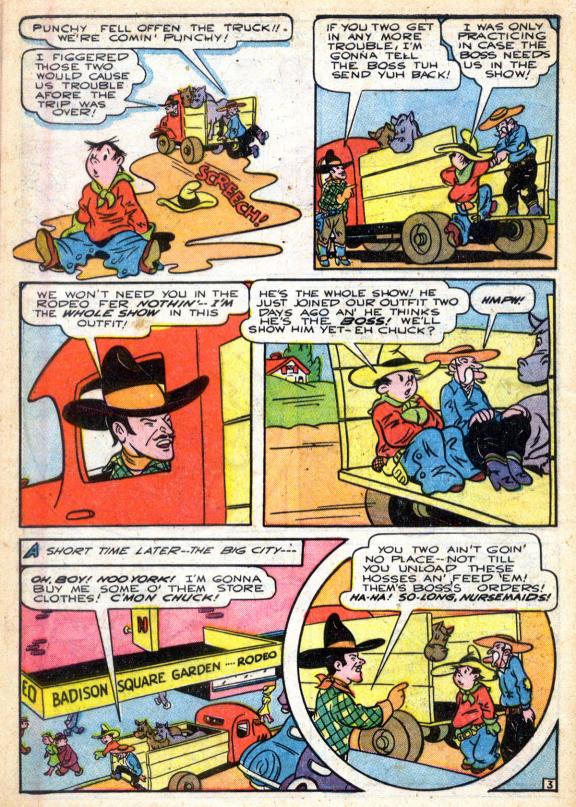


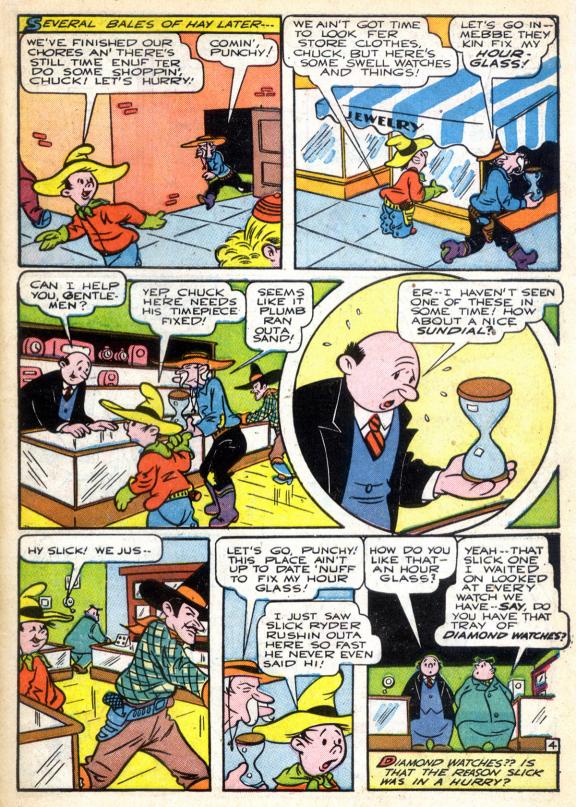


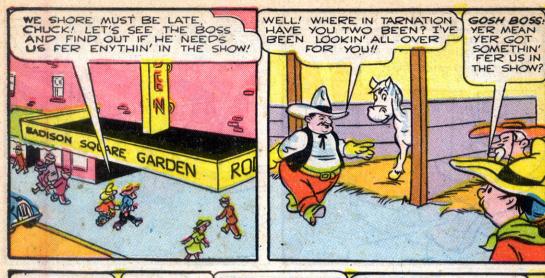




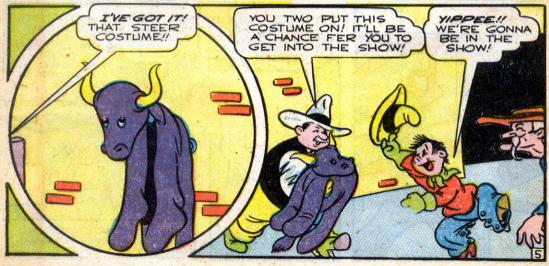


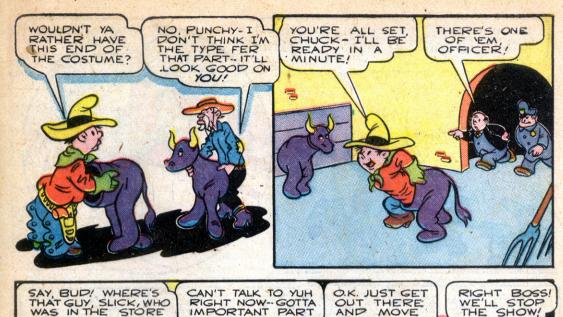


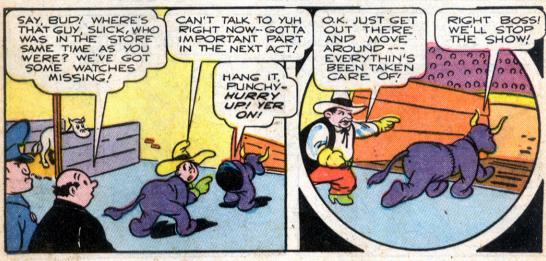










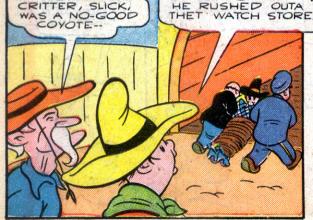












THE BOSS IS GOING TO KEEP US IN THE SHOW, CHUCK, CAUSE WE WERE SUCH A BIG HIT! ONLY NEXT TIME HE WANTS US TO WEAR THE SKIN OF A

